

An Unnamed Grave

By MRS. GEORGE E. PICKETT

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The lonely grave down in the south-west corner was heaped over with red roses and white lilies that rose in a glowing, fragrant, rapturous mass of concentrated fire and snow.

The girl who bent over it to place one last white blossom on the glorious pile seemed afar from the world by her rapt devotion to the lone grave. Her fingers hovered in tender curves over the flower through which she conveyed her last farewell to the unknown dead as if unwilling to part from so fair a blossom even in response to the call of a sad and sacred duty.

Though a rift in the parted branches of the evergreens that surrounded the grave she could see the throng of people bending over the mounds that dotted the hillside. The hedge of greenery seemed to set her apart from them. Hers was a little world wherein she and the dead man dwelt alone. She had never seen the soldier who had gone to rest from the battle under the green-sodded mound encircled by the arbor vitae, yet she could not remember a time when she had not put flowers each year over the unknown dead.

Through her childhood she had come with her mother, who had saved the most beautiful roses and lilies in the garden to deck that grave when flower day should come. Now she came alone, more as a memorial to her lost and gone mother than in any fancied remembrance of the dead soldier. Every 30th of May they had thus decked his grave, though when Elsie could just remember there had been no public celebration of the day.

"It is the day he died," said her mother once when she had gloried in the beauty of the May that was dying in supernatural light.

"He was killed in battle?" she had asked looking back at the grave where a glint of sunlight drifting through the trees fell across the rose and snow piled above it. There was an instant's pause and then the reply softly spoken:

"Yes, the hardest battle man ever fought."

That was years ago and now the whole nation had chosen the day of this man's death as the time for remembering with outward observance the heroic dead.

"In sacred memory of a soldier of the south," was the inscription on the marble slab at the head. Nothing to show to what southern hearts he had been dear in the olden days of fire and storm, nor what had been his rank in that devoted army that had sealed its faith with the blood red seal, "A soldier of the south" was all that he had ever known of him, and the fact that he had been dear to her mother, as shown by her memory of him when the day of flowers came.

There were other soldiers of the south sleeping on that hillside at peace with the soldiers of the north who shared their spacious grounds. Rosemont had been near the line in war days and they who wore the gray and they who wore the blue had come back to their home to the beat of muffled drums and gone to rest side by side, with never a vestige of battle rage burning in their still hearts.

Those other graves were abloom with many flowers, but none were snowy with the gleam of lilies and ablaze with the crimson fire of roses as was that secluded place where the nameless headstone marked the grave of one unknown to the world.

"Why is not his name there?" she had asked her mother on the first day she could remember in her childhood when she had stood beside the mound and put a glowing red rose at its head with a little hand that was hidden by the great crimson blossom.

"I think he would have wished it so," was the reply in a low tone that left no room for further questioning. She had never heard that name, but she knew it had been given in a tender and sacred place in her mother's heart and the inscription on the stone was as a beautiful and wonderful name to her.

As she went out by the pathway through the circle of green a young man, meeting her, took off his hat and bowed, the sun striking gold sparkles from his hair as he bent his uncovered head before her. A soft color swept over her face as she returned his greeting. They walked together between long lines of mounds with little stones at their heads each with a name that belonged to the village records and had a distinctive place in the village heart. Thus they went silently until they came to a monument that far overtopped all the other stones in those consecrated grounds. A man to whose memory it had been erected did not lie under its shining white shaft. He was buried in a far-famed field of the dead where the nation's most honored sons lay at rest.

They looked at the marble shaft with its head lifted high against the golden light. The name it bore was of one who belonged to the world and to history. He seemed far away in some lofty region from which he sent no individual appeal to their hearts. They could talk in the shadow of that pile of marble. Besides the graves of the village dead whereon the glory of the world never shone they must stand in awe and loving silence.

Alan Goldwin looked from the cold white marble to the girl at his side.

"My quest among the graves has a sad object," he said. "My father is buried somewhere. I know not where, in an unknown grave. He used to live here when he was a youth. He went to a southern state and when the war began he enlisted in Lee's army."

"He was killed in battle?"

"No, not in battle. He lies in what the world might call a dishonored grave, but it is not dishonored, for it covers as noble a heart as ever beat. He was shot by order of his commanding officer, but I know he was never guilty of any wrong."

She looked up at him with eyes shining with tears.

"I am sure of that," she said. He turned insistent eyes toward her and his voice was low and tense with feeling.

"You know why I tell you this?" Yes, she knew. It was like that frank honor that looked out from his eyes to tell her whatever there might be in his history that would seem clouded.

"The camp was attacked immediately after and it was all the living could do to save themselves. The dead were left to bury their dead."

They stood for a long time in silence with their eyes fixed on the marble shaft that bore the name great before the world. But they did not see the monument or the name. They only saw a lonely grave somewhere with no shaft to mark its place and no name to show whose loved one had been glorified with the chime of death.

Alone in her room that afternoon Elsie remembered what day it was for her.

"My birthday," she said. "I am 20 and the war has been over 20 years. To-day I was to know the story of the unnamed grave."

She opened her trunk and took from it a silver casket, which she unlocked with a gold key. In it was a folded manuscript that she held a moment reverently in her hands. Her mother's hands were the last to touch it, and when she put it away in the casket to be read on that twentieth birthday. At last she opened it and read:

"When my child is 20 I want her to know the sad story of Alan Goldwin. I am writing it down that she may read it for herself should I not be here to tell it."

"I suppose a girl never knows why she prefers one man to another; that is, if she really loves him. Almost anyone might say that Alan was finer than Will Melwood and better adapted to win the admiration and confidence of a girl. But admiration and confidence, important as they are, are not exactly love. Alan remained my friend, but soon after my marriage he went south and a few years later I heard that he was married."

"When the war began our people were about equally divided in sentiment between north and south. Will joined the union army. In a skirmish one day he was taken prisoner and confined in a tent to await transportation to Libby prison next day. As night fell a sense of loneliness enveloped him in darkness. He had expected to be killed in battle and was prepared to die for his flag as a soldier's duty. A dash on to the field, a hand-to-hand struggle, a deadly ball or a thrust of a sword, sudden darkness—that was a soldier's death."

"Through an opening in the tent he looked out into the moonlit night. Against the whiteness he could see a dark form passing to and fro in front of his tent. In his isolation there was companionship even in the measured tread and dark shadow of the sentinel whose duty it was to see that he did not escape from his prison."

"Suddenly the door opened and the sentinel stood before the prisoner, who turned toward him, wondering why he had come. Was he to start to-night on that long journey to the tomb?"

"Will Melwood, don't you know me?"

"Alan Goldwin!"

"For a moment they stood silent with clasped hands. Then Alan unwrapped a parcel he carried under his arm and displayed a ragged, discolored suit of brown clothes."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"I am going to save you for—her."

"He led Will from the tent to a little pathway through a clump of trees."

"Go down this way and you are safe."

"But you—what will happen to you?"

"Nothing. Remember only that you are going to her."

"He turned back and Will went down the path and was picked up the next morning by a detachment of his own regiment and taken by a circuitous route unknown to him back to the camp from which he had escaped. The confederates, outnumbered, retreated, leaving a dead man lying near the tent where Will had been confined the night before. Bending over him Will recognized the face of Alan Goldwin."

"We have killed my best friend!"

"No, you nebbler," said a negro, who came up from the little belt of trees, evidently a camp follower of neutral sentiments. "I wuz hyeah w'en he wuz shut by his own kunnels' order 'kaze he helped a pris'n'r ter 'scape."

"Will got permission to send his dead friend to his old home and on his grave the most beautiful lilies and roses from our garden have spent their sweetness on the anniversary of his death."

Elsie walked to the window and looked out through a mist of tears that dimmed the golden wine of the sun that was poured in a radiant flood over the world.

Alan Goldwin! That was the name of the young man whose quest was among graves—the man who would not say in words what his eyes had told her. She saw him coming down the lane toward her little gate. She went to meet him, holding out her hands.

"I will show you where he lies," she said, looking up with shining eyes. He followed her, not comprehending her meaning; knowing only that the warmth of the sunlight and the bloom of the May roses had entered his heart.

THE EASY SPRINKLER.



Mr. Flip (at the lawn fete)—You see, it works this way—



"Either to the right or left."



"You can swing it to the rear—"



"To change the direction you turn this pivoted arm—"



"Or at an obtuse angle—"



"Or—straight-up!"—Chicago Daily News.

STRENGTH OF CHINA'S ARMY

Since Its Reorganization by Foreigners Has Become Somewhat Formidable.

Chinese neutrality is something that lies beyond the dictum of the emperor of China, and the recent attack upon the Russian administrative force near Port Adams—the Chinese being led by no lesser authority than the governor of Fuchau—is ample proof of the temper of the Celestials near the borderland of the present struggle. Just how long imperial influence may be able to hold the Chinese authorities and their retinues in check is a matter for grave speculation. Once the Chinese are carried off their feet by joy over Japanese victories, Russia's problem will be a sorely vexing one, indeed, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

The Chinese army, per se, is properly that force, nominally of 300,000 men, descendants of the Manchou conquerors and their allies, officially termed the Eight Banners. The force is commonly maintained on a footing of about 100,000, and 40 per cent. of these are kept in northern China and near the court of Peking. The national army, called also the Green Flags, or the Five Camps, is an independent organization or series of organizations. It is divided into 18 corps, one for each province, under the governor or governor general. The nominal strength of this force is nearly 700,000, and of these the most important contingent is the Tientsin army corps, which, under Gen. Ma, has been made a thoroughly efficient fighting force.

It is not worth while considering the Chinese army from the viewpoint of a national organization; but, measured by the work accomplished in some of the provinces, notably under Viceroy Yuan Shi-Khai and Tcheng-Tsai-Tong, not to mention the European drilled forces at Peking, Tientsin, Nankin, Fuchau, Shantung and the two Kiangs, the viceroys and governors of these districts possess the nucleus of a very promising military organization, and since 1900 a great deal of work has been done in the direction of equipping and training these troops.

Gen. Frey states that the Chinese special military schools are capable of furnishing a sufficient number of subaltern officers and, as is well known, military instruction at these institutions has been under European and Japanese guidance. Somewhat dazzled by the brilliant performance of the Japanese expeditionary force of 1900, the Chinese have naturally turned to that allied people to aid them in the military rehabilitation, and so thoroughly has this work been going on that the Russians, not unreasonably, object at the outbreak of the recent conflict. The leaven, however, is there, and the Japanese have only to wait its action. In 1902 there were no fewer than 30 young Chinese attached to the Japanese military schools and, at the same time there were 500 students working at the university in Tokio.

The next year the number was increased, and the Japanese, with very good reason, treated these Chinese students with every mark of regard and especial attention. These men upon their return to China have spread the word of approval for everything Japanese and have awakened the keenest sort of interest in military matters.

Highest German Judiciary.

The highest judicial authority of the German empire is vested in the reichsgericht, a federal supreme court established pursuant to the law of April 11, 1877, as one of the institutions resulting from the creation of the new empire. This important court is not located at the national capital, but in the city of Leipzig, Saxony, where it is housed in a magnificent building of its own, completed about the year 1895. Besides the requisite number of courtrooms, judges' chambers, consultation rooms, libraries, offices of states' attorneys, marshal, clerks and attendants, the edifice also contains living rooms, a dining-room and a banquet hall, as is so frequently the case in modern European public buildings.

Modesty.

"Zeb," said the colored man's employer, "I'm afraid you are getting a little lazy."

"No, suh," was the earnest reply. "I isn't lazy. I kin do as much work as any two o' dese other men, but I's tryin' to keep 'um showin' off."—Washington Star.

A Different Thing.

"I didn't suppose that Cupid could move a stony-hearted man like Jones." "Cupid has nothing to do with it. Cupidity is what moved him."—Detroit Free Press.

GRADUATION DAY FINERY.

Articles for Which Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars Are Spent in New York City.

This year's graduating classes in the various schools of New York city will expend several hundred thousand dollars upon the mere accompanying decorations and paraphernalia of graduations, reports the New York Sun. Between proper clothing for the occasion, class photographs, engraved invitations and the accompanying personal cards, postage, class dinners, and in many instances a special fee for the diploma itself, the graduate, at the end of a long and pinching struggle for a degree or some other evidence of work accomplished, finds the graduating season one of embarrassing expense.

Luckily for graduates of whichever sex, good taste as yet decrees that the dress of the graduate shall be simple and inexpensive. This is usually true of the pretty gowns that the young women wear, and, fortunately for the men, the growing fashion of graduating in cap and gown has turned out to be an economy rather than an expense.

The poor scholar who arrives at the end of his course with his school-going clothes in shabby condition finds that the academic gown covers a multitude of sartorial sins. It may be bought for a few dollars or hired for much less, and many a well appearing gown has served perhaps half a score of graduates.

Other expenses are not so easily escaped. More or less elaborate engraved invitations which graduating classes in many cases send out to their friends are expensive, and it is a lucky poor graduate whose class is large enough to fetch down his individual share of this expense to a minimum.

It is the same with the class photograph. If, however, there is a general exchange of individual photographs, the expense of this item may be formidable to the poor graduate.

All over the East side photographers offer special terms to graduating classes, and the show frames of East side photographers are full at this season of capped and gowned young persons singly and in class groups.

Class suppers, or banquets, as the new graduates delight to call these affairs, are usually of moderate cost; but a few of the poorer graduates usually absent themselves upon these occasions in order to avoid an expenditure which they can ill afford. The class ball, which is common in the rural colleges and is usually given to the graduating class by the juniors, is unusual in New York.

There are, however, at the graduating season other social demands that involve considerable expense. These, if ever, the young graduate tips the servants of the institution, if it happen to have servants.

The graduate who seeks to escape no ordinary expense of the season, but commits no extravagance, is hardly likely to expend less than \$35 or \$40, and may easily expend twice as much. The poor scholar who avoids every expense that can be avoided will hardly expend less than \$15 or \$20.

All expenses that fall upon every member of a class are kept within reasonable limits, for there are few classes, save in fashionable schools, some members of which are not too poor to be called upon for extravagant outlay. The special expenses of the few wealthy graduates may, however, run to a very large sum, and only a wholesome public opinion keeps such expenditures within reasonable bounds.

Theophilus Helladiensis.

Pius X. is not likely to be known in history as "Theophilus Helladiensis," yet he is duly qualified to bear that high-sounding appellation, and it is actually inscribed on the bronze bust of him which has recently been exhibited in the gallery of modern art in Rome; for his holiness is a member of the Roman Arcadia, and had this title conferred on him almost immediately after his election.—Tablet.

Big Good Roads Bill.

The largest appropriation for good roads was that made at the last session of the New York legislature. It was a million and a half.

Strenuous.

Lena—I'm getting tired refusing Jack.

Maude—I think myself an engagement would rest you.—Town Topics.

Corn as Coin.

In some of the most remote parts of Norway corn is still used as a substitute for coin.

LOCATING THE GAS STOVE.

Some Suggestions Which Will Meet with the Approval of the Housekeeper.

In choosing the location for the gas range it is most desirable to select a place near enough to the chimney of the kitchen to allow it to be connected with the flue, yet not near windows or in the direct line of strong drafts, and at a sufficient distance from the sink to avoid splattering water. Even in large kitchens of private residences, says Katherine Swan, in Good Housekeeping, it is often impossible to find any place that answers all these requirements. It is quite time women understood something of the results of a flue on a gas range. In gas stove construction the same jackets are fitted with open or solid tops for use either in manufactured or natural gas regions. In the latter case the flue connection is imperative. With manufactured gas it is not necessary if the stove is used intelligently and is kept clean. With servants in a house prudent use of gas is extremely rare, and a flue is therefore desirable.

If there is a strong draft on the chimney and the flue contains no damper, there is, in the case of stoves constructed after some methods, a decided loss of heat. This entails the burning of a greater number of cubic feet of gas to secure and maintain any desired temperature. A damper is therefore essential. In many locations, on hillsides or exposed or elevated localities, if the chimney, whether that of a detached house or apartment, has only a slab over its top, instead of a revolving jack, there is almost invariably a back draft. If the gas range is connected with the chimney, the wind blows back into the lower oven, and if the flames are turned low puts them out. If the tops are going, results soon follow. Hence a damper is essential also for use in windy weather. If there is a damper, be sure you understand how it works before the stove man who puts it in leaves the premises.

If there is no flue connection, either from choice or necessity, do not under any consideration entirely cover up the outlet on the stove to "save the heat." In order to keep a gas stove going properly, in order to have clean combustion and a perfect circulation of heat in the stove, it is necessary to have some system of ventilation. That outlet either on the back or top of the stove is the outlet end of the whole thing. It may be partly closed sometimes, especially if the lower oven door is of openwork design. But if tightly closed too many disagreeable things happen to mention.

In some ranges the heat which passes from it may be utilized without interfering with the functions of the outlet. If one of the side shelves is designed to be fitted on the rear as well as at the side, call in a plumber or tinsmith, and have him make a pipe with an elbow, one short length to fit on the stove outlet and the other piece extending upward from the elbow to within eight or ten inches of the shelf when it is on the rear of the range. When this plan is followed the rear shelf becomes a hot shelf and will solve many a warm plate or food problem. Besides, one is losing none of the heat paid for.

LITTLE BITS OF FINERY.

Fashionable Fancies That Are at Present Delighting the Feminine Eye.

Velvet ribbon tabs are used with good effect.

Tucks of all widths are noted on new dresses.

The wheat pattern is conspicuous in the new laces.

Coarse laces trim the canvas fabrics to perfection.

Wrinkled ribbon festoons have an old-time flavor.

A job of contrasting velvet edges the neck of a smart eon.

Double skirt effects are seen in both plain and elaborate rigs.

Shirtings about the hips are liked for light weight fabrics.

Gaugings are recognized rivals of the much favored shirtings.

Waterproof parasols available for rain or shine are the latest novelty.

Marabout stoles will serve as scarfs for evening wear this summer.

Shaped lace flounces form a part of some of the very fetching examples.

Dainty toques of peach color straw braid are draped with lace in corresponding tint.

Canvas gallons in oriental patterns most effectively trim gowns of light weight wool fabrics.

Tucks five inches deep, one half-way down the skirt and one at the hem, are another old fashion revived.

Paradise plumes are a feature of the new millinery and cherries hang temptingly from many a delightful headpiece.

Secret of Failure.

Isaacstein—Cohenstein says it's a pleasure for him to pay his debts. Abrahams—Ah! But he neffer lets pleasure interfere mit peeshnish!—Puck.

Hay Fever Remedy.

A new preventive of hay fever is the rubbing with surgical cotton twice daily of as much of this inner surface, or mucous membrane, as can be reached. The massage hardens the membrane, lessening its over-sensitiveness.—People's Home Journal.

Sweet Simplicity.

The Pet Niece (who, on valuable uncle's visit, has been allowed to stay up for dessert)—Oh, Uncle Tom, father said you would be sure to bring out some of your old chestnuts. May I have some? Do, please!—Punch.

ESCAPED

Women and Men From the Clutches of the Doctor, Undertaker and Grave Digger.

THE NAMES OF A FEW PEOPLE WHO ARE HAPPY AND FREE FROM RHEUMATISM, LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASE BY USING

DENN'S SURE, SAFE AND SPEEDY CURE.

Mr. Gennings and wife, 2063 N. High. Mr. Goodspeed and wife, Frambes Ave. Mr. Brelsford and wife, Maynard Ave. Mr. Fleming and wife, 2605 N. High. Mr. Miracle and wife, Grocer, W. Broad. Rev. Dawson, Rev. J. J. Shingler. President John Culberson, High and Maynard St. Mr. Witson and wife, Northwood Ave. Rev. Shultz and Roy Shultz.

We could fill a large newspaper with responsible witnesses of what Denn's Sure, Safe and Speedy Cure can do. But try a 25 cent or 75 cent bottle and you will be surprised at the immediate help it affords.

FOR SALE BY

OBERDORFER,

THE DRUGGIST.

PARIS, - - KENTUCKY.

Too Many Burglars About Town

For the comfort of society. One less will visit your homes if he is introduced to one of our revolvers.

This Week Only I Will Sell

Double Action Revolvers, with rebounding hammers, nicely finished and nicked, octagon barrel, hard rubber handles. 22-32-38 Cal. \$2.00

Automatic Safety Hammer Revolvers, made with hinged frame, rebounding hammers, automatic shell ejectors. Positive safety device; accidental discharge impossible. 22-32-38 Cal. \$6.50 each.

Automatic Safety Hammerless Revolvers, have hinged frame, independent cylinder stop and automatic shell ejectors. Has no hammer to catch on clothing. Fits the pocket. 32 or 38 Cal. \$7.00 each.

All other popular makes, such as Colts, Smith & Wesson, etc., in stock.

Saws, lawn mowers and scissors sharpened, knives fitted, locks and trunks repaired. All work guaranteed.

W. C. DAVIS.

Hair Dressing.

When your hair needs shampooing, dressing, or manucuring, call Phone 163. Work executed in best of manner. Can give good references. 4mar-tf MARY L. DAVIS.

PAINTING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of painting in the best manner possible, both in and outside work. Will take pleasure in making estimates free of charge for anyone. Work guaranteed. EMMETT FITZGERALD, Paris, Ky.

A Continual Strain.

Many men and women are constantly subjected to what they commonly term "a continual strain" because of some financial or family trouble. It wears and distresses them both mentally and physically, affecting their nerves badly and bringing on liver and kidney ailments, with the attendant evils of constipation, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, low vitality and despondency. They cannot, as a rule, get rid of this "continual strain," but they can remedy its health destroying effects by taking frequent doses of Green's August Flower. It tones up the liver, stimulates the kidneys, insures healthy bodily functions, gives vim and spirit to one's whole being, and eventually dispels the physical or mental distress caused by that "continual strain." Trial bottle of August Flower, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.—W. T. Brooks.

Healthy Mothers.

Mothers should always keep in good bodily health. They owe it to their children. Yet it is no unusual sight to see a mother, with babe in arms, coughing violently and exhibiting all the symptoms of a consumptive tendency. And why should this dangerous condition exist, dangerous alike to mother and child, when Dr. Boeck's German Syrup would put a stop to it at once? No mother should be without this old and tried remedy in the house—for its timely use will promptly cure any lung, throat or bronchial trouble in herself or her children. The worst cough or cold can be speedily cured by German Syrup; so can hoarseness and congestion of the bronchial tubes. It makes expectation easy, and gives instant relief and refreshing rest to the cough-racked consumptive. New trial bottles, 25c; large size 75c. At all druggists.—W. T. Brooks.

THAT GONE FEELING

Tired, Dull and "Blue" BACKACHE AND LASSITUDE

We can cure it all and make life bright and happy. Write at once for samples. You will never regret it. DR. BENZINGER, Baltimore, Md.